SHE WAS BOILED ALIVE.

NO EYES, EARS, HANDS OR SCALP, YET GOES INTO SOCIETY.

Patched and Remade by Surgery—A Most Extraordinary Physical Transformation After Being Mangled in a Train Wreck—A Remarkable Exhibition of the Surgeon's Skill.

This is the story of the miracle of medical science and human endurance by which a young woman who was boiled alive, who has lost both eyes, eyelids, scalp and hands, and has suffered more than the agonies of death, has been restored to comparative health and good looks.

The young woman is Mrs. Gertrude Baldwin, of Yonkers, N.Y. She was horribly injured and mutilated in the memorable railroad collision at Hastings, N.Y., on Christmas Eve, 1891. No human being has ever before been so horribly mutilated and lived. Fifty thousand dollars, the largest sum ever paid by an American railroad company for injuries to a single person, was paid to her in settlement for her injuries by the New York Central Railroad.

At the time of the collision Mrs. Baldwin was twenty years old, a graceful and lovely woman, blue-eyed and auburn-haired, and the bride of a year. The accident wrought a terrible transformation. She was crushed by heavy timbers and scalded by steam from the engine. The skin and flesh of the head was boiled off; over the parietal bones there was a place about the size of the hand entirely bared to the white skull, where the unfortunate woman had been literally scalped; the eyelids were boiled off, and so was the skin of her face down to the nose; the cartilaginous parts of both ears were gone, only small stumps remaining on either side of her mutilated head; the flesh of her neck and left shoulder blade was boiled off, and the left shoulder blade protruded; she had fallen at the time of the collision with her arms over her head, and the arms were boiled entirely from the forearms to the points of the fingers; it was necessary that both eyes should be removed, and that the left hand should be amputated and all but the thumb of the right hand.

Yet to-day this woman is a presentable person, with the vestiges of her former beauty. She lives the life of the ordinary woman of wealth; she attends social gatherings and receptions and entertains in her pretty home. She wears diamonds and dresses handsomely. A curly brown wig covers the scalpless head and the places where the ears were; blue glasses hide the eye cavities; cosmetics make her face sightly where the skin grafts have grown. Her pretty mouth and chin are uninjured. On the thumb, which is all that remains of her right hand, she wears a fine solitaire ring, and the stump of her left arm is hidden beneath the lace of her sleeve. She goes to church. She is seen out driving on pleasant days.

THE HASTINGS HORROR.

Mrs. Baldwin was one of a family party consisting of her husband, Homer R. Baldwin, his mother and his sister, Lillian, and a friend, Thomas W. Polley, who took passage from New York Christmas Eve, 1891, on the Wagner car Gibraltar, the last coach on the Niagara express. They were bound to Niagara Falls to spend the holidays. The train came to a sudden stop at Hastings, and through the blunder of a brakeman of the Niagara train, who failed to display the danger signal in the rear after the train stopped, and the Cincinnati and St. Louis express crashed into the Gibraltar at full speed.

Mr. Baldwin had gone into the smoker to light a cigar and was not injured.

Mr. Polley was first taken out; he died the next day. Mrs. Baldwin's mother was next rescued, but she immediately died. Miss Baldwin, when taken out, walked across the railroad track and dropped dead. Mrs. Baldwin had been thrown on her back at the first shock, and heavy timbers lay across her chest. She was nearest to the engine, and as the steam ate its way into her flesh she struggled wildly to free herself, not for a moment losing consciousness until her husband had chopped away the timbers that pinioned her and dragged her out in his arms. Then she fainted.

She was immediately taken to St. John's Hospital, Yonkers. When her wounds were first dressed the scalp and all that was left of the hair peeled off in the doctors' hands; the ears and the flesh from her hands dropped off when touched. Great pieces of skin peeled from the inside of her mouth and throat.

THE FIGHT FOR LIFE.

The hospital surgeons believed that death would end her agony during the night hours. But in the morning they found her still alive, clear-headed, courageous, enduring with a vitality and spirit that scarcely seemed possible in so frail a woman.

Then began the fight of science for her life. For days her life hung by a feeble thread. But the patience of science was infinite. She was swathed in the softest surgical cotton; she lay upon bags of ice; she was given hypodermic injections constantly to keep up the action of the heart and to allay the intense pain; her wounds were dressed every few hours in antiseptic dressing fluid, and she was bathed in the dressing fluid.

In a few days the blackened and swollen skin began to slough off until the upper layer was gone, leaving the surface raw and bleeding.

Her left hand was amputated just above the wrist in the hope of saving as much of her arm as possible; she knew that a second amputation would probably be necessary.

The injuries to her head gave her great agony; the surgeons feared that the inner plate of the skull might have been injured and that the gathering pus, in that event, would cause congestion, which would have been fatal.

It was found necessary to amputate her left hand when all the flesh had sloughed from the fingers, leaving the bones bare.

The use of anaesthetics would have been dangerous in her feeble condition. The skull was white and chalky were exposed. The mental shock of the night of horror combined with her physical agony were finally too much for her wonderful nerve, and for a time her brain was seriously affected; she had hallucinations and there was a probability of permanent insanity.

Witin a few weeks she had wasted from 115 pounds in weight to 60. At one time her pulse had fallen from 180 to 32 and her respiration to 11, and the doctors believed her dying, but she rallied. There had never been such marvellous vitality in a woman, the doctors said.

As soon as her condition made it possible, she was removed from the hospital to the Getty House, in Yonkers. Dr. Emil Schopen, who had been chief in attendance on her in the hospital, took the entire charge of her. He gave up a large share of his practice to devote his time to her. It was not a case for the brilliant coup d'etat of a surgical general. It was a case for the patience and eternal vigilance of science.

SKIN-GRAFTING HER SCALP.

Then began the series of skin-grafting which have made Mrs. Baldwin again a presentable person. From over the eyes to the back of the head in some places there was raw surface to be covered with new skin. Portions of the healthy tissue of Mrs. Baldwin's sister, Miss Eleanor Moore, were transplanted to the wounded head.

The first skin-grafting operation took place over a month after the accident. Ten small pieces of skin from the arms of Miss Moore were grafted on the forehead of the injured woman. Of these five retained their vitality and the formation of a healthy membrance began.

But the most terrible ordeal of all was yet to come. Dr. Schopen had told her, three weeks after the accident, that she would have to lose her eyes in order to save her life. The eyelids had been boiled off, and as there was no way of supplying nature's protection and lubrication to the eyeballs the eyes had become terribly swollen and inflamed. The tortures of pain she suffered from them sapped her feeble strength and her chance for life was in having both eyes come out. Day by day the sight faded from them, and finally she became totally blind. It was impossible to delay the operation longer, for there was grave danger of blood poisoning or erysipelas, such was the inflammation. Yet the eye specialist, Dr. Peter Callan, and Dr. Schopen agreed that it was probable she would not survive the ordeal.

"I know that I shall never come out of this alive," said the little woman, pitifully, "but I am willing to take every possible chance of living that is offered me."

There was in readiness every precautionary means of reviving her should the ether have a suffocating effect. A powerful Faradic battery was at hand, and a bag of oxygen gas with tube apparatus to insert in the windpipe to produce artificial breathing.

BOTH EYES CUT OUT.

Ether was administered and the eyes were removed by Dr. Callan. Dr. Schopen then amputated the four dead bones that protruded from the right hand like the fingers of a skeleton and carefully patched the remaining thumb. He cut away the dead bone and flesh of the left arm, but when attempting to scrape the dead bone tissue from the exposed portions of the skull Mrs. Baldwin was found to be sinking. So all further strain on her vitality was postponed. The operations had taken half an hour's time and Mrs. Baldwin regained consciousness in a few minutes and to the astonishment of the surgeons seemed to feel no ill effects.

The loss of her eyes Mrs. Baldwin felt keenly; shut in an eternity of darkness, she could not even weep. The windows of her soul were shut, the tear veins were dried, there were only blank cavities where her eyes had been, and drops of agony in place of nature's merciful tears.

Her martyrdom did not end there, for very soon there developed an affection of the inner or middle ears which threatened her with the loss of hearing. For a time she became deaf and her sufferings from her ears were intense.

At this time it became impossible for her to taste food or drink; she could not even swallow her saliva; she was nourished artificially.

She was thus bereft at once of sight, hearing, taste and touch, and her reason was gone from her in the deliriums of fever.

But finally care and science did their work, and she began to mend. Her hearing was saved; she became able to eat light gruels and broths, the grafts on her mutilated thumb showed healthy growth, so that she would not be entirely helpless in her loss of hands when the cure was completed. The fever died from her brain, and reason came back to her.

ON THE TORTURE RACK.

Day by day she gained in strength, yet very slowly, for each dressing of her wounds were exquisite torture. The doctor watched with her many nights of agony, administering hypodermic injections to keep her alive under this terrible rack of pain. One dressing of her wounds sometimes required three hours, so sensitive was she to each touch, so terrified at each additional pang, so piteous in her supplications to escape the necessary treatment which made her writhe in every nerve of feeling.

As her strength was able to bear them other skin-grafting operations were made, and with marvellous success. Tiny pieces of skin from her sister's body took root on the mutilated scalp, face, neck and thumb of Mrs. Baldwin, and with careful antiseptic dressing a new surface of skin developed from them.

When Mrs. Baldwin brought suit against the New York Central Railroad it was necessary that she, as the complainant, should sign the complaint. But Mrs. Baldwin had no hands, and will never write again. So on the document her husband wrote her name, and under it, as it went on file, there were two straggling marks. Mrs. Baldwin held the pen between her teeth as it was placed and the nurse moved her head to make "her mark."

Now, over three years after the accident, she is in comparative health.

BEST DRESSED WOMAN IN YONKERS.

Mrs. Baldwin is now twenty-four years of age, and in spite of her inflictions, a very bright and cheerful little body. She has a beautiful home on Highland avenue, Yonkers, and is surrounded by the luxury that wealth brings. Her sister is her constant companion, eyes to her blindness, hands to helplessness. She has her pets—three dogs and a parrot. She has a sweet voice, and helps to make the cheer of the house with her songs to her sister's accompaniment. She attended a private reception some time ago, at which she danced with her husband with her old-time gayety.

A MUMMY OF TO-DAY.

An Oriental Prince Embalmed by a London Doctor.

In a white-draped mortuary at the back of 38 Keppel street, Russell square, in a quiet-looking early Victorian red brick house of exactly similar appearance to hundreds of other houses in red brick rows in Bloomsbury, the body of his late Highness the Sultan of Johore, is lying embalmed in semi-state. The house is that of Dr. Charles Bayle, Chevalier de la Gregoire-le-Grand, a Legion d'Honneur, Commander de la French scientist, who has made a special study of the art of embalming. When you enter at the street door the faint scent of heavy perfume strikes you and grows less faint as you walk along the hall. Then a door is opened—you notice that it is painted in the prevailing Bloomsbury tint on the outside and hung with white cloth on the inside—as you walk down white-carpeted stairs in a chamber built at the back of the house where once was a garden, the heavy perfume comes at you heavier and more powerful, and separates itself into several distinct and conflicting scents. Before you, hiding something behind it is a screen, all white, standing in a room of which the walls and ceilings are covered with white seen in white, soft subdued light, coming from a sky light veiled with white cloth. The screen hides everything in the room but its ghostly self, and, high upon the white hangings of the opposite wall, the crescent and

STAR OF THE EAST

in dull red that thrusts itself out from the white like a moaning in the night.

The dim whiteness of the room, the heavy perfumes, the somber touch of the red tell quite as plainly what it is that lies behind the screen as could black velvet and silver, burning tapers, and the damp scent of dying flowers. In the middle of the room on a low trestle bed, white draped, the dead Sultan lies, to all appearances calmly and peacefully asleep. Dr. Bayle's balsams have changed death into sleep, and he lies with his gray mustache and wavy hair and his black arched eyebrows, his handsome, soldierly, dusky features smoothed and softened, and with his eyelids lightly closed in the calm and perfect repose which easy slumber brings to the face of the man of the world. He looks exactly as one who knew anything of the Sultan would expect him to look in sleep.

On his breast there lies a bound manuscript copy of the Koran, and under it, placed there by the priest in accordance with some custom or belief, a pair of scissors. On the white floor at the side of the bed are the large paper bags of perfume—one of rosemary one of patchouli and the other of rose leaves. The rosemary is for remembrance as well as for pungent odor, and, perhaps, besides their strong perfumes, the patchouli and the dried and crumpled rose leaves may have their meanings. The wonderful triumph over decay has been effected by Dr. Bayle's system of arterial injection.

But not that system only has been carried out. In the Oriental system of embalming the body is eviscerated and the organs removed and purified. In the old days they knew no other way, and what they did in the old days is, according to Eastern ideas, the only decorous thing to-day. So the Doctor has taken out the internal organs, washed and cleansed them, applied his preservative treatment to them separately and then replaced them in their proper positions. But that was only to satisfy the ideas of the Sultan's court as to what was

RIGHT AND IN ORDER

Still it was not necessary; it was not scientific, Dr. Bayle says.

Four pints of the perservative fluid, of which he holds the secret, forced through the arteries by air pressure, would have sufficed. "You see," he says, "the body is already beginning to dry; the hand becomes to be a piece like of wood; the foot it is the same; the face I treat it in a different way, so as to keep it the appearance of softness; but you shall see that ear; it is already like a piece of leather." The ear looks warm and soft and natural enough, but when you touch it it is set stiff and hard. The legs are bound tightly around with straps of cloth, and another goes under each instep, keeping the feet in position."

In a day or two the binding will be varnished, and then all will be ready for the sleeping Sultan to be put in his coffin with the rosemary and the patchouli and rose leaves on top of him.

"And those bandages are not removed when the embalming is complete?" the visitor asked. "Those bandages," said the Doctor, "shall be removed never." Never is a long time.

The Sultan—his full name was Tunkoo Abubikr bin Ibrahim, known as Abu Bekar, Sultan of Johore, or more correctly the Tumongong—died officially on Tuesday, the 4th of June, 1895. That was the day on which his ministers and court, having in the meantime, no doubt, taken the necessary precautions as to affairs in Johore, finally abandoned all hope of his being still alive. On that same day the body was taken to Dr. Bayle, and there were then present indications that his death had taken place quite a week earlier. The embalmed body will remain where it is for two months longer, and then the Sultan will go back to Johore to be buried in the tomb of his fathers.

Irresistible.

Lady—What is the price of this crepe?

Clerk—That is 50 cents a yard, madam.

Lady—Oh, that's outrageously high.

Clerk—But it is reduced from $1.

Lady—Is that so? You can give me 10 yards' then.

A MILLIONAIRE'S SORROWS

JOHN W. MACKAY'S WEALTH HAS NOT BROUGHT HAPPINESS.

His Life Has been a Series of Worries Troubles and Bereavements—Shot at, Operated on by Surgeons, Overwhelmed With Lawsuits, His Household Broken Up.

Listen to the story of the troubles of a multi-millionaire. His name is John W. Mackay. He has commonly been thought of as a man whose life has been a phenomenal success, because he made a great fortune suddenly in early life, but the truth is that his life since he became wealthy has been one long series of troubles. The greatest of them, no doubt, was a week ago the death of his eldest and favorite son, whom he was raising to succeed him in the management of his vast fortune.

VARIED TROUBLES.

They range from the most serious to the most ridiculous. He gets shot by a crank and has a rough-and-tumble fight with a social rival. He loses a son and loses a lawsuit.

His great fortune has enabled his wife to make a brilliant social reputation in Europe. She has magnificent houses in London and Paris, and entertains the Prince of Wales and the most fashionable French society. Mr. Mackay by the mere fact of his fortune, is kept away from her. He works in San Francisco and she entertains in London. Thus wealth has broken up his household.

His daughter's marriage with an Italian prince, once talked of as a brilliant event, has turned out a miserable failure.

He gets little or nothing in the way of personal comfort from his millions. His digestion and his tastes cause him to live simply and even coarsely. Fine wines and delicately cooked foods are not for him.

NO LUXURIES FOR HIM.

He has to live on a rigid diet. A regular course of muscular exercise has also been prescribed for him by his doctors.

The doctors have had plenty to do for Mr. Mackay. His digestion requires constant attention. Then he was shot and immediately after he recovered he underwent an operation for appendicitis. He refused to pay a bill of $12,500 for the doctors who attended him when he was shot.

He does not belong to clubs or go to theaters. He has no serious interest in life except to make money, of which he has already about fifty times as much as he can spend.

He is and has long been engaged in innumerable lawsuits. He has quarrelled with all or nearly all of the partners of his early life, the men who made up the picturesque Big Four of bonanza days.

John W. Mackay, James G. Fair, William O'Brien and John C. Flood were the Big Four. They had all gone to California in '49. Mackay drifted to Nevada, where he gained possession of the famous bonanza mines at Virginia City.

Pointing to the entrance of one of these mines Mackay is reported to have said: "Out of that hole I took $150,000,000."

In 1878 the four established the Bank of Nevada. In 1884 Mr. Mackay was concerned in the establishment of the Commercial Cable Company.

QUARRELED WITH HIS PARTNER.

A bitter quarrel broke out between Mackay and Fair. The latter withdrew from the Nevada Bank on condition that Flood should withdraw also. He wanted Mackay to tie up all his money in the bank so that he could not go into other enterprises. Flood fell in with the suggestion, but when Fair had withdrawn he put back his money. Then Fair was bitterer than ever.

In 1887 the Nevada Bank was reduced to desperate straits by the speculation in wheat of its Vice-President in the absence of Mr. Mackay. The bank bought the wheat crop of California at 80 cents above its market price.

Mr. Mackay married his wife in 1867. She was the daughter of Col. Daniel C. Hungerford, of New York, and the widow of a California doctor. She had social ambitions, which she determined to gratify when her husband made his fortune.

The fashionable society of San Francisco snubbed the miner's wife, and Mrs. Mackay wisely went to Europe. Her career there has been a brilliant success Mr. Mackay first bought her a house in the Rue de Tilsit in Paris, and gave her $10,000,000 in Government bonds to keep things going. Later she bought a magnificent house at No. 6 Carlton House Terrace, in London.

HIS DAUGHTER'S UNHAPPY MARRIAGE.

In 1885 Miss Julia Bryant Mackay, their adopted daughter, married Prince Colonna di Galatro. This marriage turned out very unhappily, and the Princess recently obtained a divorce. In Europe she had been obliged to hide with her children from her huband. Charges of cruelty and generally disreputable conduct were made against the Prince.

The Bonynge-Mackay feud is one of the most amusing of the many rows that Mr. Mackay has been concerned in. It has been carried on by means of a fistic encounter, by lawsuits, by inspired paragraphs in newspapers on both sides of the Atlantic and by a book. The exact truth about it cannot be known, but the following account was given by a person favorable to Mr. Mackay when he last assaulted Mr. Bonynge. Charles William Bonynge, it appears, is a man of uncertain origin, but probably English, who made a fortune as a broker in California. It is alleged that he originally spelt his name Bunning. When he became rich he went to London in search of social triumphs. He preferred to pass as an American, because high English society will tolerate an American more readily than an English man of low birth. Unfortunately, in California he had laid stress on the fact that he was an Englishman. Then some one wrote a letter signed "Publicola" or "Veritas" to the London Post asking how it was that an Englishman not eligible for presentation at court could go to California, make money and come back and be presented. Mr. Bonynge immediately concluded that this letter referred to him and that Mr. Mackay, or one of his hirelings wrote it.

THAT BONYNGE ROW

He replied with a number of revelations concerning Mr. and Mrs. Mackay's early life, published anonymously in London papers. It was said that Mrs. Mackay had been a washerwoman and her father a barber, and not an officer in the United States army as alleged.

In an interview in a New York paper, Mr. Bonynge, remarked of one of these attacks that "it was not a libel." Mr. Bonynge passed from New York to San Francisco, and there, after reading the last attack, Mr. Mackay sought him. Mr. Mackay found Mr. Bonynge in the office of President Hellman, of the Nevada Bank. With all the energy of an Irishman and a former miner he sprang at Bonynge and knocked him down. A rough-and-tumble fight followed in which the two rolled all over the floor of the President's office, Bonynge had the worst of it.

Mr. Mackay brought a suit against the Galignani Mesenger, of Paris, for libeling Mrs. Mackay and won it. He brought a similar suit against the Manchester Examiner. This was settled out of court.

SHOT BY A MADMAN.

On Feb. 24, 1893, Mr. Mackay was shot by Wesley C. Rippey, an old man made insane by losses in stock gambling. Rippey shot Mr. Mackay in the back while he was walking in the street. The bullet entered between the sixth and seventh ribs and passed dangerously near the spinal column and the kidneys. Eventually it proved not to be serious. It was a month before Mr. Mackay was able to go out. On the day that he did this for the first time he was taken with a sharp pain, which later developed into appendicitis. He had partaken of a dish of peas recently and one of the latter had lodged in his vermiform appendix. The attack threatened his life, and he was removed to New York, where Drs. McBarney and Townshend operated on him and removed the dangerous and unnecessary appendage.

SOME OF HIS LAWSUITS.

In 1890 Mr. Mackay tried to recover $250,000 from Leon Alfassa, of Paris. It was alleged that he had loaned the money to Alfassa, who was a son-in-law of a broker associated with Mr. Mackay in speculation in Paris. He lost this action.

The action which Edward S. Stokes has just won against Mr. Mackay was first filed in 1892 before Justice Ingraham of the Supreme Court. Stokes sued for $75,000 with interest from 1884, claiming that amount to be due on a contract signed by Hector de Castro on behalf of Mr. Mackay and ratified by Mr. Mackay, by which Stokes was to receive $100,000, and he and C. H. Reed were to be relieved of all obligations to Mr. Mackay.

Another suit against Mr. Mackay was brought by Count Dillon, who claimed $500,000 for helping to establish the Commercial Cable Company. The Count lost.

These are some of the business troubles of the millionaire. A much greater one occurred about a week ago, when his eldest son, John W. Mackay, jr., was thrown from his horse and killed in France. Young Mackay was a director of the Postal Telegraph Company and the Commercial Cable Company, and had evidently been trained to succeed his father in these corporations.

Near Enough.

The excitement of lion-shooting may be appreciated from a bit of experience reported by Captain Melliss. He was in Somaliland. Two lionesses had been found, and the Captain had fired at one of them, but she had started away, leaving him uncertain whether he had hit her. He hurried in pursuit, and just when he was thoroughly out of breath, he came upon her sitting on her haunches and looking very angry.

I walked slowly toward her, trying to recover my wind, and when within about fifty yards I fired. Without appearing to feel the shot, she charged at once across the open ground that lay between us.

I stood up and waited for her, keeping the muzzles pointed below her mouth as well as I could. I had time to notice that she seemed somewhat disabled in the hind quarters; also that my second gun was nowhere near.

I let her come within a dozen yards, and then fired. The smoke hid everything for a moment. "Has she got me?" was the thought that flashed through me as I stepped aside.

No! There she was, staggering back on her haunches, with jaws wide open, not many paces away.

Stepping back I reloaded, and another bullet knocked her over dead.

A Religious Maniac.

Louis Hirschberger, a German, aged 40 years, living at 109 Clare street, Buffalo, attempted to kill his five children the other morning. The man has for some time past been afflicted with religious mania, but he was thought harmless and was not arrested. Saturday night he told his neighbors that he had eaten meat the day before and for this crime against the canons of the Church he had been commanded by the Lord to sacrifice the lives of his five children. Saturday morning he took a board and cut five circles in it to fit the necks of his children, and with this improvised guillotine he went into the house and dragged the children out of bed. He was just fitting their necks into the board when his wife came out and rescued them. At noon he renewed his attempt. He overpowered the children and once more got their heads into the board, and with a big axe was in the very act of cutting off their heads, when neighbors, called to the scene by the children's cries, overpowered the maniac and rescued the little ones. Hirschberger was then arrested.

One Thing Needful.

Jonas Deadbeat—Cull, ain't this hat a mile too big?

Casper Corker—That's right.

Jonas Deadbeat (meditatively)—Lawks, if I had the price I c'u'd fit my 'ead to de hat by mo'nin.